

Introduced by Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson

AMERICAN CONSECRATION HYMN

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

FOR MUSIC BY

FRANCIS MACMILLEN



Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR AND THE COMPOSER

TO

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON

in response to

The Great Incentive

of his own words:

"THE RIGHT IS MORE PRECIOUS THAN PEACE"

PUBLISHED FOR

Solo for Medium Voice
with piano accompaniment
Price 50 cents net

Chorus for Mixed Voices
with piano (organ) accompaniment
Price 6 cents net net.
* 5.00 Per Hundred

Also published for Orchestra and Band

CARL FISCHER COOPER SQUARE NEW YORK 335-337
50 WADSWORTH AVE CHICAGO 380-382
DOYLSTON STREET BOSTON

American Consecration Hymn

by

PERCY MACKAYE

For Music by

FRANCIS MACMILLEN

I.

O thou, who long ago
Didst move the hearts of men
Their freedom's worth to know,

America!

Now move our hearts again
To rise for all men's right
And, strong in liberty,

Go forth to fight,

Go forth to fight,

Forth to fight

For thee!

CHORUS

For right, more dear than peace,

For hope, that bears release

To slavish agonies

Our swords are drawn;

And they shall rest no more

Till yonder blood-red seas

And hell-dark shore

Are white with dawn.

II.

Not bound by earthly loam

Art thou, nor shelt'ring hill:

Thou art our spirits' home,

America!

Our home, that lures us still

To build beyond war's grave

And, where God's watch-fires gleam,

Go forth to save,

Go forth to save,

Forth to save

Our dream.

III.

O land, whose living soul

Hast led all tribes to seek

Their Godward star and goal,

America!

Now bid thy beacon speak

In fire, and let thy bright

Auroral stars, unfurled,

Go forth to light,

Go forth to light,

Forth to light

The world!



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No 4514 American Consecration Hymn

*) Poem by
PERCY MACKAYE

Music by
FRANCIS MACMILLEN

Maestoso (♩=68) (*But not too slowly*)

Soprano

O thou, who long a-go Didst move the
Not bound by earth-ly loam Art thou, nor
O land, whose liv-ing soul Hast led all

Alto

Tenor

O thou, who long a-go Didst move the
Not bound by earth-ly loam Art thou, nor
O land, whose liv-ing soul Hast led all

Bass

Maestoso (♩=68)

Piano
or
(Organ)

hearts of men Their free-dom's worth to know, A-mer-i-
shelt-'ring hill: Thou art our spir-its' home, A mer-i-
tribes to seek Their God-ward star and goal, A mer-i-

hearts of men Their free-dom's worth to know, A-mer-i-
shelt-'ring hill: Thou art our spir-its' home, A mer-i-
tribes to seek Their God-ward star and goal, A mer-i-

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C.C.
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cal Now move our hearts a - gain To rise for all men's
cal Our home, that lures us still To build be - yond war's
cal Now bid thy bea - con speak In fire, and let thy

cal Now move our hearts a - gain To rise for all men's
cal Our home, that lures us still To build be - yond war's
cal Now bid thy bea - con speak In fire, and let thy

mf right And, strong in li - ber - ty, Go forth to fight, Go
grave And, where God's watch - fires gleam, Go forth to save, Go
bright Au - ro - ral stars, un - furled, Go forth to light, Go

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grave And, where God's watch - fires gleam, Go forth to save, Go
bright Au - ro - ral stars, un - furled, Go forth to light, Go

- molto - - - ff

forth to fight, Forth to fight For theel
 forth to save, Forth to save Our dream.
 forth to light, Forth to light The world!

- molto - - - ff

forth to fight, Forth to fight For theel
 forth to save, Forth to save Our dream.
 forth to light, Forth to light The world!

- molto - - - ff

- molto - - - ff

Chorus

ff

For right, more dear than peace, — For hope, that bears re-lease — To sla-vish

ff

For right, more dear than peace, — For hope, that bears re-lease — To sla-vish

ff

Chorus

ff

molto cresc.

ag-o-nies — Our swords are drawn; — And they shall rest no more — Till yon-der

molto cresc.

molto cresc.

ag-o-nies — Our swords are drawn; — And they shall rest no more — Till yon-der

molto cresc.

blood red seas And hell-dark shore Are white with dawn. —

blood red seas And hell-dark shore Are white with dawn. —

molto cresc.

